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FREE SPIRITS



Compiled  
by  
The Creative Writer's Workshop  
Coahoma Junior College

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MAY 7

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1800

*Writers Included in Free Spirits*

*Burnett, Sylvester*

*Dillon, Brenda*

*Field's, Joyce*

*Frazier, Carrie*

*Gombrell, Donna*

*Haynes, Jessie*

*Jones, Willie C.*

*Reynolds, Rubye*

*Rockett, Janice*

*Taylor, Marie*

*Guest Writer*

*Roach, Paul*

*Advisors*

*Carlos, Hazel L.*

*Griffin, Vera S.*

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This issue of the Creative Writer's Workshop is the second in a series of publications. Our objective of the second publication as was the first, is to delight our fellow Coahomians and other reading audiences with the creativity of some of our Black minds. The careful guidance of two of our English department's most competent instructors, Mrs. Hazel Carlos and Mrs. Vera Griffin, is helping to mold the abilities of the writers into an oasis of splendor and beauty.

The first publication was titled Black Creations. Between our first and second issue, the writer's have blended their minds together to decide upon an official title for our magazine. Free Spirits is the official title of the workshops publication. In selecting a title, the writers wanted a title that would cover various subjects and forms of writing.

Free Spirits allows the writers to reach into an imaginary world to find things to write about that they hope are forthcoming. It also allows them to write about the nightmarish realities of a sick world. In this issue more emphasis is placed on prose, specifically the short narrative and the essay.

The next issue of this publication will be May 3rd. The May 17th publication will be a Silver Anniversary issue, in commemoration of our college's 25th year of service to the community's educational needs.

2003

For the Silver Anniversary issue we are soliciting all students who are interested to submit essays, poetry and other creative pieces relating to Coahoma Junior College or in general to the Black Experience. These essays, poems, and creative pieces will be published in the anniversary issue. All material must be submitted to the English department no later than May 14th.

Thanks for reading our second issue.

Sylvester Burnett

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## LIVE THE LIFE

Because the world in which we live is full of turmoil and conflict, life provides an opportunity for the individual to solve many of its intricate problems. If each individual would develop a mature outlook in the way of attitude and reasonable judgement that he would be likely to solve his problem with little or no difficulty. Life is simply what you make of it. It can be empty or filled with days of toils and strains.

In another sense life can be filled with pleasure and satisfaction. The thing that makes a difference is not how long or short life may be, but the useful things you contribute to it while you live.

Marie Taylor

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### *Death Dream*

*My room is empty, it is still,*

*The house is quiet*

*The house that my voice once filled.*

*I am dead.*

*My blood does not run,*

*My heart does not beat,*

*My pulse does not come,*

*I am dead.*

*My pulse does not come*

*I am dead.*

*My hair on my head is gone,*

*Parts of me peak through*

*As craving maggots pick the flesh*

*I am dead.*

*My eyes will not open*

*My legs cannot move*

*The dirt around me seem to deepen*

*I am not sleeping, this is not a dream.*

*I am dead.*

*Joyce Fields*

1870

Jan 1st to Dec 31st

1871

Jan 1st to Dec 31st

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Jan 1st to Dec 31st

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Jan 1st to Dec 31st

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Jan 1st to Dec 31st

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Jan 1st to Dec 31st

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Jan 1st to Dec 31st

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*My Mother's Words*

*Hold your head up, hold it high*

*Those were mother's words when saying good-bye.*

*She*

*said*

*Stay in those tracks, get deeper 'n deeper*

*In this world child, you'll meet all kinds of people.*

*Be very careful when choosing your mates*

*Your friend, child, is the one you should hate.*

*And then*

*she*

*said*

*Above all, child, keep God in your heart*

*For you'll find in this world he plays a great part.*

*Brenda Dillon*

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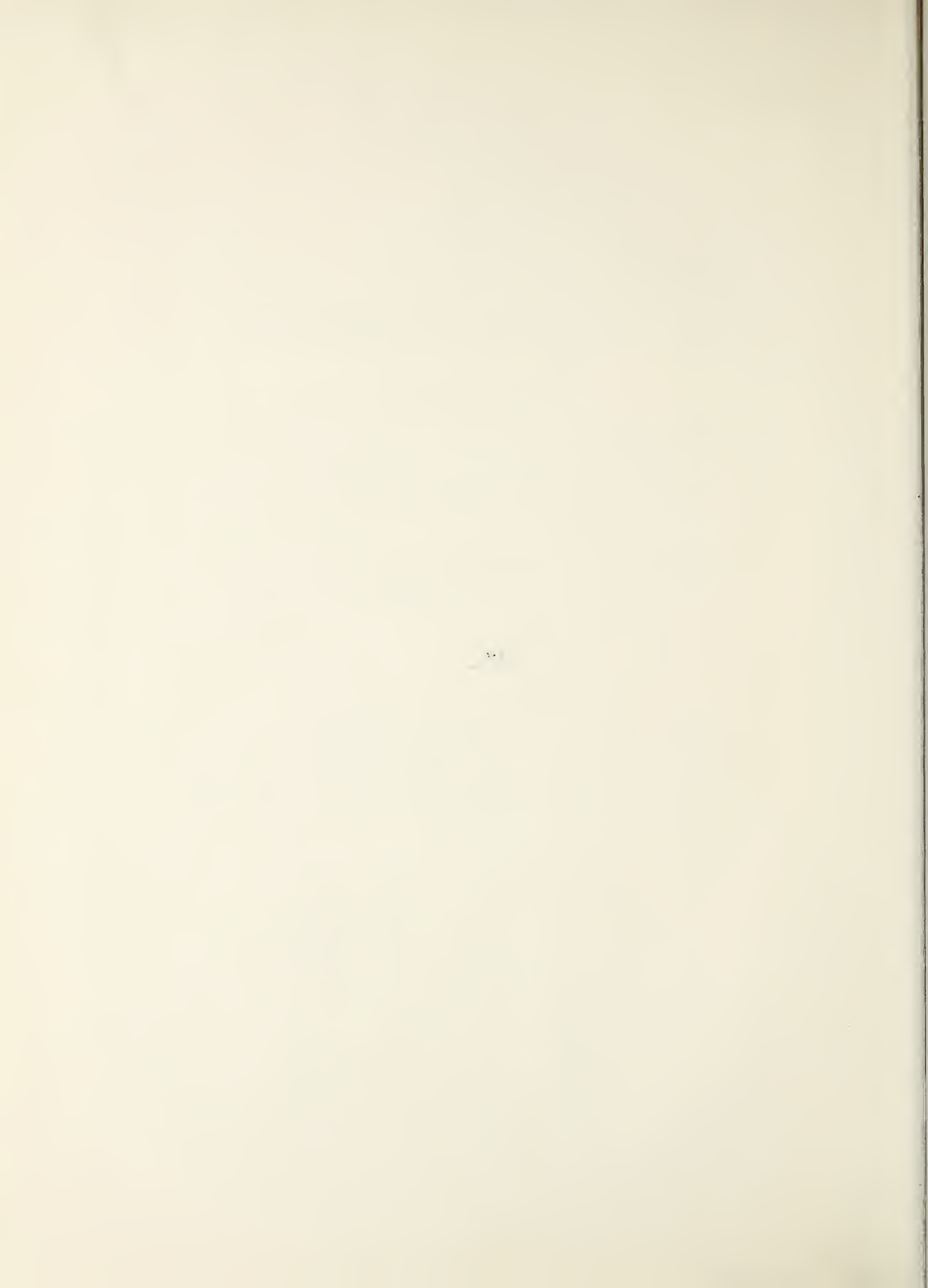
1882

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LOVE



*Why Do You Love Me?*

*Is it because of my beautiful  
brown eyes?*

*Why do you love me?*

*Is it the way I*

*Smile*

*When you say, "I love you?"*

*or*

*Is it those small*

*Dimples*

*That you like so well?*

*Tell me*

*Why do you love me?*

*Joyce Fields*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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## ECTASY

His gentle touch sets my soul afire.  
His whisper, Answers my why;  
His voice is a sweet Rhapsody  
With more splendor than was meant to be.  
As the tenderness of his Arms Imprison  
me,

There's no other place I'd rather be;  
His eyes are filled with adoration,  
As I try to fulfill his expectations.

When within my heart, there's no mirth  
He laughingly calls me, 'His Little Flirt'  
Sometimes he's Contemptible, other times  
like rain,  
He makes me sad, Then washes away the  
pain.

So I don't worry about the grief and  
sorrow;  
He's my sunshine and the joy of my life,  
I bubble with love from just his gentle  
touch,  
Because he's the guy that I love so much!

Janice Rockett



## A Love Poem

Love is full of beautiful days,  
Flowing carelessly, calm and free;  
Flowers flutter and dance in the breeze.  
The heart is filled with tranquility.

Eyes are breathless with admiration  
Voices whisper love everlastingly  
The hours are serene and bright  
Joy has its own security.

Kisses stream pure and unrelented  
Laughter becomes a harmony  
Thoughts are ecstasies of simplicity  
Romping as childish as the sea.

Alas, love has many beautiful days  
With each much sweeter than before;  
Spoiled with poignant tenderness  
There's no comparison, you see,

I

Know.

Janice Rockett



Number Two

Who's number two?

That's the woman that

Does what you won't do

That's the woman who

Does what you do better

And the woman that will

Take your man if you let her.

She's the woman that

Keeps him out late

And the woman that

Use your weak points for a bait.

Are you number one?

With a number two pushing strong

Well, watch out, cause you won't

be for long.

Jessie Haynes



## MELINDA

The best riders of the west  
Bounding their boards  
Clear their passes  
The crowd sits calmly,  
Children and pet's mutter about  
Is Melinda happy today  
Will she be rough  
Slowly the west masculine bodies stand up  
Bronze tanned physiques lean forward  
From a small wave  
Taller and taller Melinda stands  
Slumping over as the surfers slider across  
Her shoulders  
Higher she rises, and harder they fight  
One by one they fall  
The boards float alone  
And there is no sign of the riders  
Who cast their fate on  
The giantic wave, Melinda.

Joyce Fields

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## *BLACK DIGNITY*



ME

Will the white man ever accept the  
fact that I'm me and nobody else  
Will I ever convince him that in spite  
of his brutality or sorrowful appeals,  
I'll still be myself.

Will he ever see that regardless of  
bleaches and creams, I'm still  
Black?

I wonder if he notices he still  
hates me for that

I daresay he never considered I'm  
not dumb naturally, as if in a constant  
Trance;

Surely he doesn't know that my  
ability is just suppressed because he  
never gave me a chance.

So if by chance, some day he does  
accept me as I am,

Perhaps it won't be too late  
to accept  
Him

Janice Rockett



## *Our Tower of Power*

*We live in the flat lands of the Mississippi,  
delta, where the sun sleeps on the river as we lay  
watching our brothers beaten and molded into  
puppets manipulated by the land. The sun's burning  
rays won't destroy our dreams on this non-hilly  
land where we were born. Our God won't permit it.*

*The son I will someday give you won't sweat:  
always his hope of becoming the man he, himself  
knows he can be, because it has always been that way.  
This won't happen, not to us, because we we have our  
faith, our love, and our understanding and with them  
we shall build the foundation of our Tower of Power.  
And in our Tower we shall keep all the accomplish-  
ments of our impossible dreams and no known man,  
force or imaginable power will be able to climb  
high enough or acquire enough strength to tear down  
what we have built.*

*Yes, I know what's ahead and I have looked back  
into our past, but I would choose dying beside you  
trying to build our tower than going back to that  
"move back", "get back", shit we will be leaving be-  
hind! We will never again pretend or be less than  
what we are.*



And when we have completed our Tower of  
Power the sun will shine brighter than ever before,  
because our tower will be taller, stronger and  
brighter than all creations on earth.

Donna L. Gambrell

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## *Superniggers Are Okay*

I hate to hear blacks put down black films. The roles of supernigger, superpusher, and superpimp are somehow trying to tell us something. It may be hard to grasp, but if you look deep enough you will see that they are telling us to go out and make something out of ourselves in this white oriented society; be proud of your blackness and don't accept anything but your best.

It is about time for blacks to see themselves on the top instead of crawling on the ground. Years ago I didn't hear any complaints when black actors and actresses were playing the roles of maids and butlers, cleaning up behind Miss Snow White. Don't you think it is time for your kids as well as mine to have black heroes?

I have also heard that these films are corrupting the minds of our young because of the violence and profanity displayed in them. I don't see any differences between Fred Williamson, Black Caesar, and Richard Roundtree, Shaft, killing 20 men in comparison with John Wayne killing 50 without reloading his gun.

So why is there so much fuss? Has the white man brainwashed us so that we have to see our brother on top, or is it that we are so narrow-minded that we have to see our black brother make a buck?

Donna Gambrell

*Handwritten title or header*

*[Faint, mostly illegible handwritten text, appearing to be a letter or document.]*

*[Faint handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or closing.]*

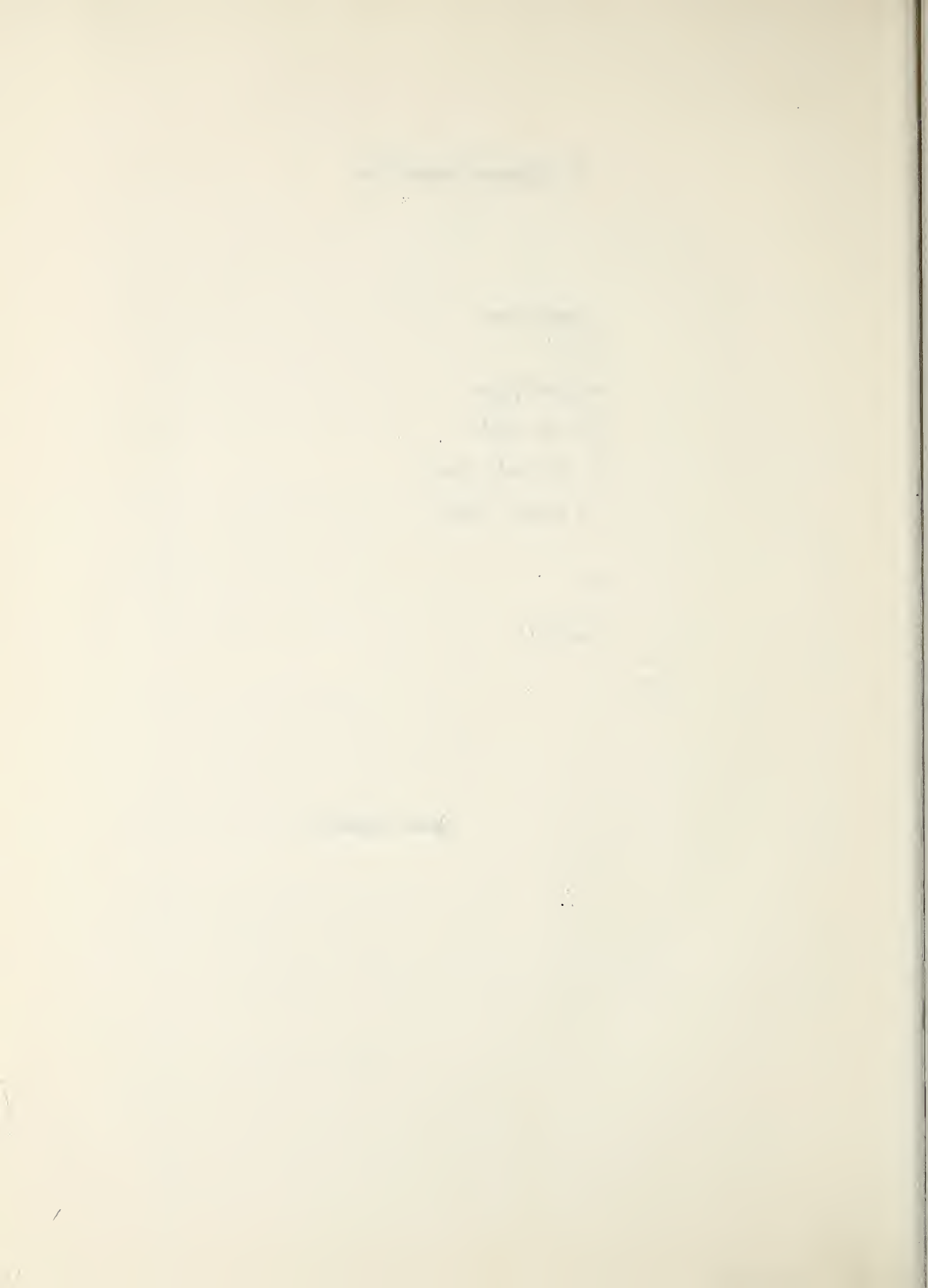
*On Defining Revolution*

Revolution  
is an  
upright fight  
for the right  
to be truly black  
in simpler terms

to  
be  
free !!!

---

*Donna Gambrell*



King Heron

King Heron

The king of drugs

King Heron

The killer of studs.

King Heron

you've destroyed my wife

My brother you visited

And took his life.

King Heron

Gave my brother the test,

With drugs of his Kingdom

Laid his body to rest.

This well-known king

Came to visit me

Made me his slave, and

Told me I'd never be free.

Now I won't rest

Knowing I didn't do my best

For there will never be peace

Til old King Heron has ceased.

Jessie Haynes



*Take A Look*

*Look at you, You stupid fool  
Is this what you call being cool  
Down on your knees pleading  
Because of the fix that you're needing  
Now that you have spent your cash  
On pot, acid trips and hash  
I guess the reefers you will puff  
On move on up to that hard stuff  
Remember shooting needles in your vein  
Isn't some kind of fun and game.*

*Carrie Frazier*

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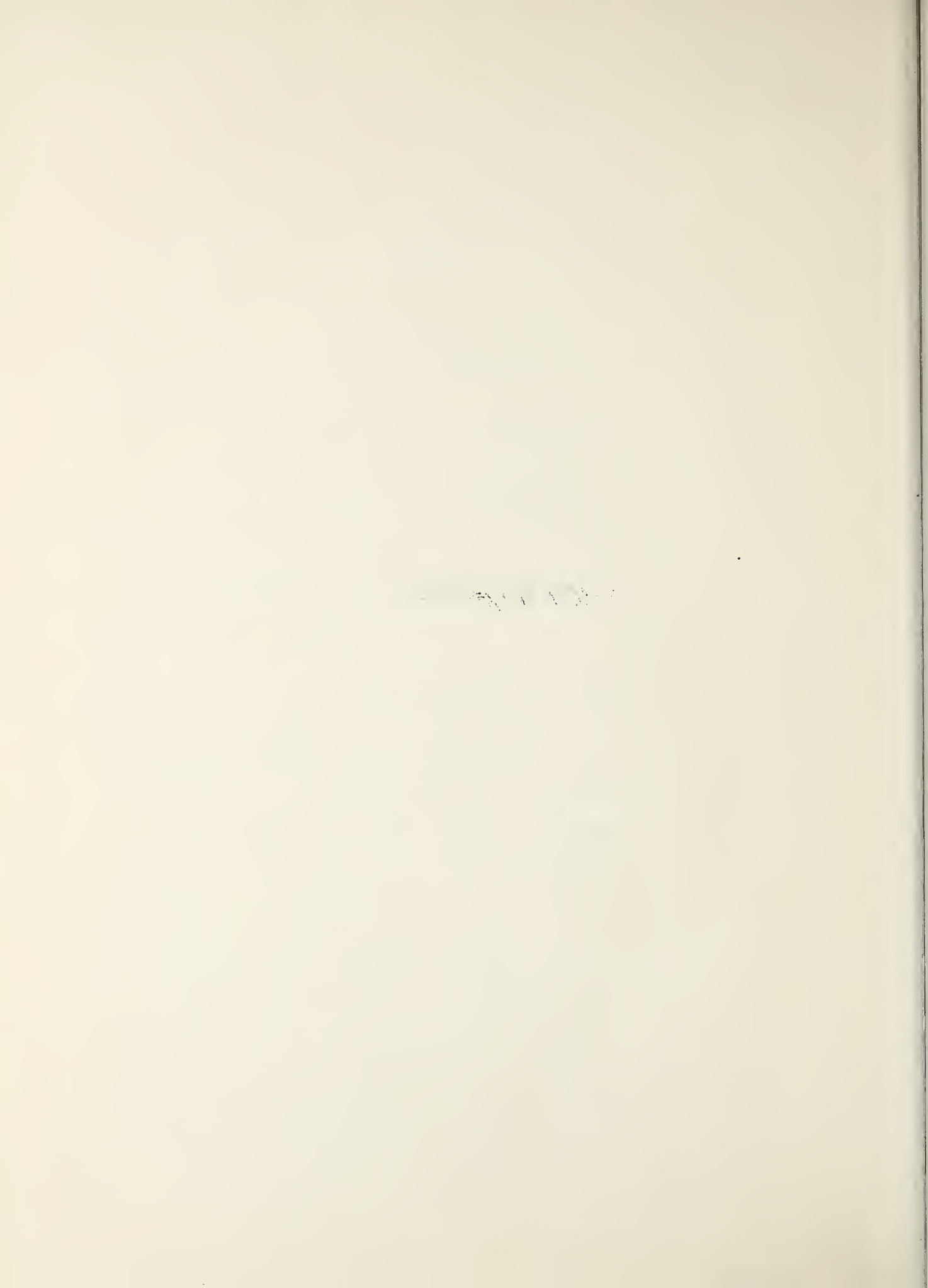
1887

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1890

AND ALL THAT JAZZ



### *A Run-In With the Man*

Last eve after the man turned me loose from the slave, I made my way down to the five spots. Like, I was down and out from that long all-day J.O.B. Like a dude I am hip to made his way pass the main slammer. The dude put the spy on me, so he slides on over to my side and goes, "Hey, bro', long time no see. Like, man, I got some righteous stuff from over the way. This do is so righteous, man, you can still dig the wave. Let's make that three pointer and do a few of these I have rolled." So we picked up our groundpads and knocked a broom around the three-pointer to do the do. Like we had done the do when John Law rolled up. He goes, "Hey, what you dudes doing back here?" My main man blew his cool when he dug the man. He pulled his pow-wow and the rollers put the bust on us.

After getting us down to the house of many slammers, and doing a sheet on us, the head roller let us use the wire. Like I laid one on the old girl and had her to make one to my mouth-piece. About a yard and a half later, the mouth-piece was there. He put some jacks on this one cat, and my groundpads were on the ground one more once. Man, like I thought I would crack doing in the big stash.

### *Rhyming Slang Phrases*

1. "What it is?" Wine, weed and sex appeal.
2. "I wish all square broods became narcotic wrecks, trip over their own feet and break their necks."
3. "If it ain't ump the stamp, my punk."
4. "I am wee willie wimp, the ladies pimp."

Paul Roach



## *HUMOROUS TALES*



## My Father's Habit

My father has a habit that comes in a bottle and when the contents of the bottle is gone he can't seem to remember things. His large red eyes are droopy and half-opened, while his walk goes from a steady pace to a hobbling stumble and soon a stumbling fall. His hands are larger than ever and they have a nervous shake.

Well on this particular evening when my father's habit was at its best he decided to leave his saturday night church, the local bar, to walk home. Knowing he felt his best he tried to walk the two blocks home, well of course he had forgotten his car. It was a very long walk; oh I mean a hobble, but he nearly made it.

As he attempted to walk up the brick steps of the house he fell and the sharpened end of his pipe which was clenched firmly in his teeth jarred against his tongue nearly cutting it off.

He suffered for about 30 minutes with blood just gushing forth from his mouth. My sister who was just coming from a neighbor's found him and called for an ambulance.

He stayed in the hospital for about 2 weeks not able to say a word. Although he couldn't talk, he could think and from that day until this one he never took a sip of anything stronger than water or coke.

Ruby Reynolds



## WOLFING SAM (With A Chaucerian Tinge)

Saturday morning on first street, summer is in the air as you can vividly hear in the sounds of the street corner talk. You can hear the wolfingest nigger in town, Wolfing Sam, saying things like, "Man, I wo' that stuff out last night afta I got thu kicking tail at the crap game."

Rapping with his favorite sidekicks, Razorhead and Shane, he was telling them about how he swindled that stupid Leadbelly out of that \$50.00 last night without him even knowing a thing about it. Razorhead, by the way had been named appropriately by his mother, though his head wasn't quite as keen as a razor it was still pretty sharp and more than a foot long. Shane on the other hand wasn't very vocal but he was the scariest nigger in town. Still he was Wolfing Sam's bodyguard and it didn't make any difference to Sam for he didn't need him to save his hide; he just needed someone to wolf to.

Though Sam didn't know it, this morning wouldn't go as he had planned for Leadbelly was roaming the town looking for Sam with murder on his mind.

You could see the fear mounting in Sam's face as Leadbelly made his appearance down at the corner of Sawdust Lane and First Street. He watched horrified as Leadbelly made his way slowly but deliberately toward him with a malicious look in his eyes.

Sam was on the verge of defecating, but to keep his cool and he-man image he gathered together all his resources and contracted his anus tight enough to restrain the onslaught. Though Leadbelly was less than fifty feet away, Sam still had not taken to his heels as everyone in the gathering crowd had been anticipating him to do.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and development. The second is the fact that the United States is a large nation, and that its history is a history of expansion and conquest. The third is the fact that the United States is a diverse nation, and that its history is a history of conflict and compromise.

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Sam whispered to Shane, beneath his breath, that he was depending on him to take care of this maniac, but Shane had already burned most of his shoe soles off trying to get a good running start and save his own rear. Sam looked around for Razorhead but he was nowhere to be found for he had vacated the scene upon Ledbelly's first appearance and was now watching the whole episode from a safe distance.

With Ledbelly within ten feet of him, Wolfing found it extremely difficult to hold back the inevitable bile movement.

Ledbelly, in a passive voice, asked Sam for his money which Sam had given to Nest Egg, his "Old Lady" the night before. Having no money to save hide and owed beyond words, Sam turned to run but much too late for Ledbelly had a chokehold on him that would strangle a Rhinoceros.

Being strangled half to death and frightened beyond words, Sam relaxed his contracted anus and the long awaited release finally came bursting forth. The stench of Sam's latest posterior release caused the crowd to retreat for cleaner air.

Ledbelly, not being able to withstand the terrible odor relaxed his grip on Wolfing Sam's throat and Sam, seeing an opportunity to escape, took full advantage of it. Losing one of his shoes in the process, Wolfing Sam left the scene on both hands and knees, but still moving at sprinter's speed. Turning the corner onto Sawdust Lane, Sam was joined by his two sidekicks, Razorhead and Shane, who by now, was moving as fast as Sam himself.

Everyone in the crowd was relieved to see Wolfing Sam make his exit taking with him the foul odor, though they would like to have seen the outcome of the fight if Wolfing Sam had not gotten away.

Embarrassment is something that Sam is immune to. It's Saturday night and you can bet Wolfing Sam will be back on First Street tonight wolfing as loud as ever.

Willie C. Jones







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